

# Tales of Interest

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Summary: This is a set of stories IT'S FINALLY A SET YAY! that Nineteen and I wrote. I'm just posting them because I have them on this computer. Anyways, it's by TWO people, not just me! Rated Just in Case. YES WE HAVE FINALLY UPDATED! HUZZAH!

## 1. Chapter 1 MC on a Sugar High

Disclaimer: We do not own Halo, or anything else.

Nineteen and I decided to get together to write a crazy set of stories that would be remembered to all who read them. This, my friends, is only chapter one of the insane saga titled "Tales of Interest". Enjoy!

\* \* \*

><p>Start Transmission:

>Status: TOP SECRET, CLASSIFIED<br>To: Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI)

>From: Cairo Station Orbital Defense Platform<br>Encryption Code: RED

...To whom it may concern:

We at Cairo have attached the following AV recording... It should explain our predicament better than words will.

/START AV RECORDING

Officer Benjamin Squid groaned and opened up the file. He hoped it was not another video of one of Cairo's drunken parties. They never sent anything of any value. Some other officers gathered around the screen. Unlike Squid, they enjoyed watching these said parties. What they saw was something completely different.

"Oh my God, what the hell is going on up there?" asked Officer Ray

Manta.

"I knew that these SPARTANs were a bad idea. I never knew that it would come to this, though." said some random guy who is usually pulling levers (from here on known as Srgwiupl).

"So... What do we do?" asked Manta.

"Nothing now but alert the other platforms to go to a higher security level." said Squid.

"But there is no higher level." pointed out another officer, who no one cared enough about to know his name.

"THEN MAKE ONE!" screamed an angry Squid.

"Yes sir." said Srgwiupl, running to the com station.

"And make sure the Covenant DON'T get their hands on this. Encryption level... Uh, all the colors put together." said Squid.

"That... that's not an encryption code.!" yelled Srgwiupl.

"What are you -talking- about? It makes the highest encryption code ever made!" yelled Squid in a triumphant voice.

"Whatever. I still really doubt this will work..." Srgwiupl stared to send a transmission.

"SRGWIUPL! ARE DOUBTING HIS BRILLIANCE?" asked Manta, pointing a rocket launcher from out of nowhere at the young technician.

"N-n-no Sir." he said.

\* \* \*

><p>High Charity, Covenant Holy City<br>Ninth (or tenth) age of Reclamation

"When you first saw the ring, were you blinded by it's majesty?" asked the Prophet of Truth.

"Blinded?" asked a serious Elite who was standing trial for heresy.

"Uh, sir? We have a demon transmission coming in. Their code says 'I hate my superiors', so I assumed it was for us." said a small grunt, who happened to be on the Brute menu for lunch.

"Why would that correspond the the High Council?" asked Mercy, aiming this question at the grunt.

The Unggoy gave him a look of utter disdain.

"Uh... HERESY! KILL THAT GRUNT NOW!" Ordered Truth.

"It doesn't matter. I'm already going to be lunch for the Brutes." said the grunt.

"Anyways... Were you blinded or not?" asked Regret, wanting to get on

with the trial.

"Sir, the transmission!" yelled the Grunt.

"Oh Fine! Play the stupid transmission." yelled Mercy.

A giant plasma screen TV came from the floor. A transmission from the demons patched through.

/Start Transmission (AV)

"Okay, Cairo. We'll take care of everything. We've set the other platforms to a new high on security. That way, you can wait for Chief to calm down."

>"Yea. I still say this won't work."<br>"SHUT UP, SRGWIUPL! Anyways, everything is fine, as long as the Covenant don't get a hold of this. But I have to say, the video is pretty funny. And you know us. We're tight ass jerks who only like serious things. We can't even say stuff. OH GOD. Anyways, we're going to send the video back for NO GOOD REASON. ONI out."

The talking man with the word "SQUID" printed in fancy letters on his jacket disappeared, and was replaced with a video. Even the prophets, who had seen everything, were amazed by this horrific display of Demon-like behavior. While the prophets, other Elites, and Grunts, and whatever else happened to be there were making popcorn and choking on it from the shock, the Elite that was on trial snuck out of the center chamber and ran off through a series of long, purple hallways.

Back in the chamber, the video ended. The various members of the Covenant still had their mouths wide open in shock. A grunt hit the neon purple light switch and light (pink tinted) flooded the room.

"Thank you, Soon-To-Be-Food, for turning our attention to that transmission. But, we have a Heretic to torture and- Hey, where is he?" Truth stopped his long monologue and looked for the Elite.

"I thought he was being guarded by Brutes!" yelled a cranky Mercy, who had fallen asleep during the video.

"Ugh. Old people." said Regret.

"Don't say that! You're one too!" yelled Mercy in his own defense.

"But I'm in da hood, G." said Regret, attempting to make the "Rock on" sign with his three fingers.

For a moment, all was silent at this terrible, terrible display.

"ANYWAYS... Where is that Elite?" asked Truth, ignoring Mercy and Regret's bickering.

"We don't know, mighty ones." said the Chieftain of the Brutes, now named Mary.

"Well find him, please. And do so before they stop bickering. For

then, I will be bored. And when I am bored..."

"Okay, okay. We will. Just don't make the Elites do the entertainment..." Mary shivered, remembering the last time the Elites did the entertainment, He was chained to a chair, and his eyes had been held open with duct tape. He had to watch an hour of the elites dancing in pink, frilly tutus to "New York, New York". What a horrible day that had been.

Far off from the center chamber now, Thel 'Vadamee kept running away.

"There is NO WAY I am going to be branded with a hot stick, and then sent off to go and commit suicide in an artful way. NO WAY IN HELL." he said to himself.

"Okay. I need somewhere where they will never even think of looking for me, somewhere like... There!" whispered 'Vadamee to himself upon seeing... The daycare. He ran inside and hid behind the door. A bunch of young Elites looked up and saw him. One even threw a plastic truck at his head.

"Who are you?" asked one of them, poking 'Vadamee with a crayon.

"I am Thel 'Vadamee of Sangheilios. And where, I ask, did you get that device? Isn't that a tool of the demons?" asked 'Fulsamee.

"Uh... Heretic?" suggested the young Elite.

"What did your parents tell you about taking things from heretics?" asked 'Vadamee.

"Uh.. Not to?" asked the Young Elite, voice shaky.

"Yes now-"

"Hey, wait! Weren't you supposed to be on trial today?" asked another young elite.

"Uh, look. If you don't tell that I'm here I'll.. Uh... Tell you a story." said 'Vadamee, wondering where the hell he was going to get a story that would entertain the young elites.

"YAY STORY!" yelled the young Elites in unison. They all sat down in a circle. Vadamee sighed and wondered what he was going to do now.

Then he remembered. The horrible video that they had seen. Surely that would entertain them.

"Okay, younglings, I shall tell you a story that you will find in no storybook... I call it..."

"The invincible Rainbow?" asked an Elite child, his eyes getting sparkly.

"No! The Sugar-highed Demon." said 'Vadamee, wiggling his fingers to make it sound evil.

"Ooooooooooh." said the Elites.

"Once upon a time, actually, not too long ago, no wait."

"YOU CAN'T TELL A STORY! IT'S ALL WRONG. YOU HAVE TO TELL IT RIGHT!" yelled the same young elite that had told the others that he was supposed to be on trial.

"Can you please be quiet. What is your name, youngling?" 'Vadamee asked.

"Puyo~ I am the 1337est of the elites." said 'Garumee.

"Okay, Puyo, please let me continue." said 'Vadamee.

"As I was saying, not too long ago, okay, screw this. I will show you the story." said 'Vadamee, tired of trying to figure out how to tell the story "right". He pulled out his own copy of the transmission, somehow already on the High Charity Top Seller list. He fiddled with it for a second, and then turned the screen so that the Elites could see. He hit the small "play" button and started the AV.

"Ooooh, pretty colors." said 'Garumee. His friends nodded in agreement.

"Just watch the story!" yelled 'Vadamee, getting annoyed with the younglings' obnoxiousness.

"BUT WE LIKE THE PRETTY COLORS!" shouted another Elite.

"Well, what is your name. Because I already have Puyo here on the bad list." said 'Vadamee, getting angrier by the second.

"My name is Nori!" yelled the Elite in triumph.

"Fine, Nori. You and your friends can just watch the pretty colors. I'm leaving." 'Vadamee opened the door quite forcefully and left... And happened to bump right in to Mary.

"Oh, hello Mary! So.. Uh.. Nice to see you. Tell me, how is every little thing?" asked 'Vadamee, stuttering in confusion.

"HERETIC!" Mary bellowed, pulling out his Gravity Hammer. 'Vadamee flinched, figuring that this was going to be his impromptu execution. "I want to hear the story!" Mary cried. He fell to his knees and beat the floor, crying.

"Okay, Okay. But you're going to have to fight the other Elites for it." he gestured to the younglings, who were sitting in front of the screen. They looked over, and saw Mary. They growled to indicate that this movie was THEIRS.

"But... but... That movie is theirs, and they won't share with me!" Mary cried.

"Younglings, What did you're parents tell you about sharing?" asked 'Vadamee.

"They told us not to. Except for Hoja's mom."

"Yea, his mother was a toaster oven!" yelled Puyo.

"But Puyo, you were a toaster oven too!" yelled Hoja.

"Shut up! I hate you!" yelled Puyo, throwing a truck and two crayons at the other young Elite.

'Vadamee angrily growled and put on his flowery apron... of doom.

"NO, ADULT ONE! NOT THE APRON!" yelled Nori.

"Yes. The apron. Unless you all stop fighting and share with Mary, that is." said 'Vadamee, trying to grin. But since he had mandibles, he couldn't. He also, like all Sangheili, could not eat churros. It was an incredibly tragic matter.

"Okay." they all said in unison. They gave Mary the screen, and then they all flew away.

"Now I'm going to run..." said 'Vadamee.

"Go ahead... Pretty colors..." said Mary, staring intently at the screen.

"Ha! Easy as pie. Mmm...Pie..." said 'Vadamee, to himself.

\* \* \*

><p>Office of Naval Intelligence<br>Main Base-Thing...or... whatever.

>Earth<p>

Officer Squid paced the Com room, hoping that Cairo had gotten the transmission. He sighed and looked out the one window that was in the entire building.

"Srgwiupl, please tell me the status of our transmission?" he asked.

"Well, it got to Cairo. And it got to High Charity. Apparently, the encryption code 'I hate my superiors' refers to them," he mumbled.

"SRGWIUPL! HOW DARE YOU! I TOLD YOU TO MAKE THE ENCRYPTION CODE ALL-OF-THE-COLORS-COMBINED! NOT WHATEVER INCOMPETENCE YOU JUST MUTTERED!" yelled Squid, a vein in his forehead showing.

The technician brought a palm to his face. A thought occurred to him as a ripe coconut dropped from the palm onto the carpet.

"Hey, Officer Squid? How long ago did this all happen?" asked Srgwiupl.

"Well, it was about five hours ago..." he started...

/FLASHBACK: ON THE CAIRO STATION ORBITAL DEFENSE PLATFORM/

It was the middle of what was designated "night" for the crew aboard the Cairo Station Orbital Defense Platform. A single figure could be

seen, using the shadows to his advantage. The fridge opened and closed all in the same minute. The figure, with much of what appeared to be sugary and caffeinated things, headed back to his dwelling.

/THE NEXT MORNING/

"Hey, where are all the sodas?" asked Major Stahrfeesh, looking through the empty refrigerator.

"Beats me. Wait, where's the sugar? This coffee's too strong." said Admiral Fietoplanckton.

"And where's the Master Chief?" asked General Saenddullar.

"Beats me. But I guess he'd be in his room still." said Stahrfeesh. The three officers, along with a platoon or two of marines who wanted their caffeine, headed to the room of Master Chief, conveniently called "117" and located right next to the kitchen. Admiral Fietoplanckton keyed in the special code that only he and Chief knew and the door slid open.

"Hey, Chief! You in here?" asked Saenddullar into the darkness. Stahrfeesh flipped the light switch and light flooded the room. They all gasped. Chief wasn't there.

"WHERE THE HELL IS MY SPARTAN?" Screamed Sergeant Major A. J. Johnson, who appeared from nowhere, just like many other characters in this story.

"YOUR SPARTAN? I think we all agreed he was my SPARTAN." said Admiral Fietoplanckton.

"Well, it doesn't matter who's he is. Just where the hell is he?" Johnson asked.

"I don't know. We were all trying to figure that out." said Saenddullar.

"No, you were all staring into space. Have you ever thought of actually LOOKING for him?" asked Johnson.

"Uh, we assumed that he wouldn't be hiding like a child." said Fietoplanckton.

"Assume makes an ass out of you and me. Now LOOK!" commanded Johnson.

"I outrank you, sergeant!" yelled Fietoplanckton. Little did they know, one of the more curious marines opened up Chief's closet.

"Uh, guys? I think you better come here." the Marine said.

"What? What could be so important?" asked Fietoplanckton.

"Uh, the Marine is right. I think we found our SPARTAN, and our sugary foods." said Johnson, staring at what the marine had found.

Sure enough, Master Chief was curled up in a ball in his closet,

sugary foods surrounding him in an exact circle.

"I wonder how he managed that." wondered Stahrfeesh.

"Yea, all that food. That's a lot, even for a SPARTAN." said Fietoplanckton.

"No. It's in a perfect circle." said Stahrfeesh.

"Chief, wake up please..." said a marine, poking Chief with a Nerds Rope that he had found... The one uneaten candy object.

"I can't believe this..." Chief grumbled.

"Hey, he's still alive. C'mon Chief. Get up." said Saenddullar.

"HOW DARE YOU TRY AND STEAL MY WONDERFUL SUGAR!" screamed Chief.

"What do you mean, Chief?" asked Cortana, who was still in Chief's brain.

"SHUT UP, LADY IN MY HEAD! THE VOICES! STOP THEM PLEEEAASE!" screamed Chief.

"Chief, that's Cortana. She's a Smart AI. She's not a lady in your head." said Fietoplanckton.

"You... YOU WANT MY SUGAR TOO! I FEEL CLAUSTROPHOBIC!" screamed Chief. He jumped out of the closet and stuck to the wall like Spiderman.

/INTERMISSION/

The Elites back in the center chamber were watching the video for the fortieth time.

"LEIK, OMG! THE DEMON LOOKS LIKE SPIDER CHIEF! HE IS SOOO SEXXXYY!" yelled an Elite named Seri 'Rosamee.

"That is the fortieth time you've said that 'Rosamee. Now shut up!" yelled 'Vadamee, who had been accepted back into the chamber only because he could make popcorn.

/INTERMISSION END/

"Okay, Chief. Please come down. We won't steal your sugar. We'll give you more!" bribed Fietoplanckton.

"NO!" yelled Chief. He began to throw coconuts at them, like a monkey. When he ran out of coconuts, he began throwing squids. No one understood how he got these objects, just that he had them.

"Ahh! It's sticking to my face!" yelled Saenddullar.

"Aww... IT LIKES YOU!" screamed Chief.

"Okay, that's it. Someone get the needle full of anesthesia!" barked Johnson.



"Yes sir!" squeaked a Grunt.

"Hey, wait. You're a Covenant Grunt. Why are you here?" asked Stahrfeesh.

"I dunno. But I'll get the anesthesia." the grunt "smiled" and walked off. Suddenly, just as it was about to give a comment, something about the value of foresight, its head exploded.

"DAMN IT! Someone just go and get the damn stun guns." said Fietoplanckton.

"That's more cursing than I would like to hear in Peacetime!" yelled Johnson.

"BUT WE'RE IN WAR!" yelled Fietoplanckton.

Suddenly, the grunt, sans its head, appeared with a stun gun.

"Here ya go, stun gun fresh off the line," the Unggoy motioned to a conveniently located weapon factory that had suddenly appeared behind him.

"Okay, Chief... Say goodnight." said Fietoplanckton, trying to aim the gun for the constantly moving Chief. He fired two shots, both of them hit random innocent marines that were hanging around.

"Okay, I'll take it." said Johnson.

All in all, it took 59 stungun rounds just to sedate him enough to get him off the wall, and another 50 more to put him to sleep for only 5 minutes.

/END FLASHBACK FROM CAIRO STATION ORBITAL DEFENSE PLATFORM/

"And that's how it all happened." said Squid.

"Wow. Well, I hate to give you this bad news, but the Covenant sent us something back. Apparently, they liked the video." said Srgwiupl.

"Well, what is it?" asked Squid.

"I don't know, sir. I haven't opened the file." he replied.

"Well, open it!" ordered Squid.

\* \* \*

><p>YOU'VE READ IT, YOU CAN'T UNREAD IT!<p>

WHAT WILL THE TRANSMISSION CONTAIN? WILL IT BE SOMETHING THAT WILL CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF THE WAR? OR WILL IT CONTAIN NOTHING IN PARTICULAR? IF WE'RE THE ONES WHO DECIDE, THEN WHY ARE WE ASKING YOU? WILL THIS WRITER EVER STOP SCREAMING? STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT...

TALE

OF

INTEREST!

## 2. Chapter 2The Covie Transmission

Disclaimer:We own nothing: Not Halo, and definitely not FMA.  
Sometimes, we think up -REALLY- odd crossovers.

\* \* \*

><p>LAST TIME, ON TALES OF INTEREST...<p>

"And that's how it all happened." said Squid.

"Wow. Well, I hate to give you this bad news, but the Covenant sent us something back. Apparently, they liked the video." said Srgwiupl.

"Well, what is it?" asked Squid.

"I don't know, sir. I haven't opened the file." he replied.

"Well, open it!" ordered Squid.

\* \* \*

><p>AND NOW... THE THING YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...<p>

...CHAPTER TWO...THE TRANSMISSION

\* \* \*

><p>\:transmission begin

Hello, demons. The video you sent us was extremely horrifying at first. Yet, after we watched it exactly 48 times, it grew on us. In fact, we are giving you today and tomorrow off. That's right, no fighting. We are using this time to hone our skills. Our dancing skills, that is! Please see the enclosed video recording from us to you haaah! (heart)

AV recording...start

"Okay, what the hell was that?" asked Squid.

Srgqiupl was about to say something, something about the value of foresight, when the video began.

"Oh my God. This is horrible!" yelled Squid.

"I know. Their plies are SO off. And that big guy does not know his part." said Srgwiupl.

"That's not what I mean! Aren't you alarmed that our enemy is DANCING AT US?" yelled Squid. Suddenly behind him, Officer Mana Tee appeared and died all in the same minute.

"He was one of the best officers (besides me) ever to serve in this military." said Squid.

"You didn't even know him. He just got transferred here, and then died. Now why do I have this rocket launcher you ask? I just do. Why is it smoking? I didn't shoot anything. Well, I have to go and reload this rocket launcher that I did NOT shoot, so, uh... Y'all are NUBS and I hope you DIE! The council will have their corpse." said Ray Manta.

"What council?" asked Squid.

"Uh, Gotta go!" yelled Manta.

"I think he's one of them, Squid." said Srgwiupl.

"Anyways, we have to send this to Cairo to let them know what havoc they have wreaked." said Squid.

"So... send it by the same encryption again?" asked Srgwiupl, rolling his eyes.

"That's it. You're getting the SPRINKLES." said Squid. Somewhere in the background, dramatic music started to play.

"NOOOO ANYTHING BUT THE SPRINKLES!" Srgwiupl pleaded, suddenly not the sarcastic ball of annoyance he was three seconds prior to this moment.

"EAT IT YOU FOOL!" screamed Ben Squid as he emptied the entire sprinkle container into Srgwiupl's mouth. The container was happy. It didn't like to be full (unlike certain atoms...CD glares at atoms, who shrink away) . SALMON.

\* \* \*

><p>Back at CAIRO STATION ORBITAL DEFENSE (tuna) PLATFORM<p>

"Hey, everybody! We got a transmission from goldfish.. I mean, puffer fish. Also, we got another transmission from ONI" said Technician Anen Omie. He headed to the back of the room, where a tank of puffer fish sat. He picked one up and cuddled it. It immediately puffed up and all the spikes flew out in arbitrary directions. One flew, coincidentally, into Omie's eye.

"AHHHH MY EYE! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT MY EYES!" he screamed.

"Are you discriminating against the blind?" the puffer fish asked.

"Why, no... But, I have to run." he said. He ran through the corridors and into the airlock. He then died.

"Someone else open that transmission!" the puffer fish yelled. It turned out that the puffer fish had replaced Fietoplanckton as the admiral. Puffer Fish ate him.

"ALL HAIL ADMIRAL PUFFER FISH..." all the crewmen said at once. One of them broke free and went to open the transmission.

/START TRANSMISSION

"CAIRO! How dare you make this happen to the good folks at ONI! You all sicken me"  
>"But wasn't it my fault?"<br>"Yes... Yes it was... You will be dealt with later. Anyways, check it out! It's a little lightbulb! It's shiny! Sorry. Anyways, check this Covie vid out."

START AV

What they saw next was the most sickening thing beyond imagination. So much so that it made hardened war heroes scream like children. It was like attaching automail. Suddenly, Edward Elric appeared.

"I'M NOT SHORT! DON'T CALL ME SHORT!" he yelled.

"But... No one called you anything." said a crewman named Cecil.

"BROTHER! Where are you?" a voice came from a random hole in the ceiling. Suddenly, a big metal suit dropped down.

"Al! There you are." said Ed.

"Who are you guys?" asked Cecil.

"We're alchemists." said Al.

"What the hell is an alchemist?" asked another crewman.

"WHAT? You don't know what an alchemist is? What year is this?" asked Ed.

"Um... 2552. Why?" said Cecil.

"WHAT THE HELL? We're supposed to be in 1914... I know! I'll show you what alchemy is!" said Ed. He grabbed some scrap metal from nowhere. He clapped his hands together and placed them on the ground. It emitted a strange, blue light. When the light went away, there stood a gleaming sword.

"See? That's alchemy." said Al. Everyone in the room was astonished.

"Now to make it burn!" yelled Ed. All the sudden, it started randomly burning.

>"BURNINATION!" he screamed. He grabbed the sword and swung it near some technicians. They all ducked out of the way and started screaming for their lives.<p>

In another hallway somewhere, SPARTAN 117 heard the commotion. He ran to the COM room where it came from. He burst through the doors and was taken aback when he saw a 'kid' and a giant suit of old fashioned armor.

"Okay. The little kid is no problem, but the suit of armor... Will be a problem..." he said to himself.

"I'M NOT A KID! I'M NOT SHORT! DON'T CALL ME THAT! OKAY, BURNINATION TIME!" yelled Ed. Unfortunately, the burning sword had no effect on the SPARTAN.

"Okay. This is...awkward. Uh, who are you guys?" asked Chief.

"I'm Edward Elric. This is my brother Alphonse." said Ed. As he said this, a portal opened in the floor.

"Maybe that's how we get home. Let's go, brother." said Al.

"Fine, but we'll be back. Here that, morons!" yelled Ed. He, followed by Al, jumped into the random portal.

"That was...odd. Anyways, Chief, you have to see this. It's a new form of Covenant torture." said Cecil.

"Don't they already have approximately 150?" asked Chief.

"Actually 156, but that's okay." replied Cecil. He pushed a few buttons on a holopanel and the horrifying video began.

"I'm going to be sick..." said Chief.

"Now, the floor may look soft, but it's actually quite hard." said Cecil. The video ended, and everyone stood in shock.

"What... How could they hate anything so much as to torture us with this?" asked Chief.

"Well, we are demons to them, so I guess that's why." said a salmon.

"What the hell are you doing here? Back to the fish tank with you." said Cecil. He turned to notice that one of the other tech guys, Michael, was staring at the floor.

"Michael? What's wrong?" asked Cecil.

"Y'know what would be really funny? If mice came onto that tile and started tap dancing. They would have little canes and top hats. It'd be really funny." he replied.

"Well, I think Michael here's gone crazy." said Cecil.

"No no no no... If Stacey tap danced on the tile." Michael said.

"Who the hell is Stacey?" asked Chief.

"I dunno... Hey, Chief? Why is there another one of you walking around?" asked Cecil, pointing. And sure enough, there was a Chief clone walking in random directions.

"And why does it have "FAKE" spray-painted on it's back?" asked Chief, checking to see if he had "FAKE" painted on his back.

"I dunno. Maybe to tell the difference?" suggested Michael.

"But it's armor is a lighter shade of green. Who couldn't tell the difference there?" asked Chief.

\* \* \*

><p>High Charity<br>Covenant Holy City  
>172nd Age of Reclamation<p>

"Al? Where are we?" asked Ed.

"I don't know, brother. But there's a lot of purple." said Al.

"Well, who owns this place?" asked Ed.

"We do, demon!" Said 'Vadamee.

"WHO YOU CALLING SHORT? I'M NOT SHORT!" yelled Ed.

"We didn't call you that." said 'Rosamee.

"POGO STICK TIME!" yelled Ed. He then transmuted a pogo stick from a mailbox.

"YAY WHEEEEE! A POGO STICK! WE LOVE THAT!" yelled Susie, a grunt.

"Uh... Okay..." said Ed. He watched as the grunts took the pogo stick and ran away with it down the purple hallways.

"Brother, why are they spray painting it?" asked Al.

"Don't look at them, Al. Who are you guys?" he asked to an Elite.

"We are the almighty Covenant." answered 'Vadamee

"Almighty? Weirdly, us scientists who don't believe in God are the closest things to Him." said Ed.

"HOW DARE YOU CALL YOURSELVES GODS! WE SHALL TORTURE YOU!" yelled 'Rosamee.

"Torture? Brother, let's get out of here." said Al.

"Too late for that. We will use-" 'Zamamee started.

"'Zamamee, aren't you supposed to be dead?" asked 'Vadamee

"Um... You didn't see anything." said 'Zamamee, skulking out of the hall.

"Anyways, come with us or be killed on the spot." said 'Rosamee.

So, the two brothers followed 'Rosamee and 'Vadamee through the halls to a door labeled "vid-room". 'Vadamee pushed a few buttons on the control panel, and the door slid open. "C'mon, let's go." said 'Rosamee. The two alchemists were tied into chairs, and their eyelids were taped open.

"WHAT THE HELL? WHAT DID WE DO?" asked Ed.

"You're demons. Now WATCH!" yelled 'Vadamee. The lights dimmed and the video from before (the one that horrified Cairo and others)

started to play. The first thing one sees in the video was a brute with a pink, frilly, silk scarf. He was directing... Something... The video camera panned to a stage, where three elites were in tutus. Pink, frilly tutus.

"Okay, okay. It's 2nd Position, Plie, Plie, and Pirouette. And make sure to stage your landing! And you! Hunter! You don't know your part," the brute paused to look over at the hunter, who was looking sad.

"Sorry, Ashley, but I'm trying as hard as I can!" said the Hunter.

"Well, try harder!" yelled Ashley. "Now start again, and this time with feeling!" After that, the camera panned to the stage again, The lights there dimmed, and classical ballet music started playing. The three Elites on-stage started to dance.

No one could actually describe this dance, for all humans who saw it either vomited uncontrollably for 5 days, went temporarily blind, or died on the spot by a fiery explosion, killing all innocent passerby near them. Ed vomited and Al went blind. Both were cured in a matter of 6 days, but had to go through therapy.

\* \* \*

><p>The fates of Al and Ed? The Elites let them go back to 1914 after they "messed up the flower gardens with their vomiting and blindness".<p>

WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT CAIRO? WILL THE PUFFER FISH EVEN KILL THE MASTER CHIEF? OR WILL HE BE FOOLED BY THE CLONE WITH THE "FAKE" SPRAY-PAINTED IN ORANGE ON ITS BACK? WHAT OF ED AND AL? WAS THIS JUST A RANDOM INTERJECTION? THIS WRITER SAYS YES. ANYWAYS, STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT...

TALES...

>OF...<br>INTEREST!

### 3. THE UNKNOWN(S)

Disclaimer: We do not own anything.

I am SO SORRY about going so long without updating. I have finally gotten the chance, so here ya go. Chapter 4 needs to be proofread, but I promise it will be a shorter wait than this one was. Yay! Now nineteen won't kill meh!

CHAPTER THREE- THE UNKNOWN(S) (and yes, I KNOW you've all ben waiting XD)

\* \* \*

><p>CAIRO STATION ORBITAL DEFENSE PLATFORM-2552-<p>

\* \* \*

><p>SPARTAN 117, simply known Master Chief, was walking down a hallway on a random day when all the sudden, another of... himself

came and rammed into him.<p>

"What? Who the hell are you? Stop running into me!" yelled Chief, showing a rare side of anger. The clone didn't talk. It just kept running into him.

"That's it! You're getting it!" Chief said. He attempted to punch the clone, only to find that his fist went right through it.

"Master Chief, please come to the bridge." a voice over the intercom stated. It sounded angry.

"They must want to give me another award." he said to himself. He walked past the clone and walked towards the bridge, which was two feet away.

"CHIEF! I WANT TO KNOW... Why you ran into the controls 51 times, ate the main navigational system, and exploded in a ball of poison which nearly killed every tech person on the Cairo!" asked Admiral Puffer Fish.

"What? I didn't do any of that, sir." Chief replied. It was true. He had been walking in random hallways all day.

"Ah. A smart ass, huh? Well, we have video." said the Admiral. One of the tech men put in the tape and rewound it (I don't know why they still have tapes, and for some reason it isn't a hologram, okay?). And on the tape was... One of the clones. "Fake" could clearly be seen on its back.

"That's not me, sir. It's a clone. Look here, it has 'FAKE' on its back." said Chief, pointing at the clone.

"Why, it does. And you don't. Why are there clones of you, Chief?" asked the Admiral.

"I don't know, sir, they just came out of nowhere and did bad stuff." he replied.

"And how do we get rid of them?" asked the Admiral.

"I guess we just wait for them to explode in to balls of poison." Chief replied.

"And where are they coming from?" asked the Admiral.

"I just said I didn't know." said Chief.

"And how do we get rid of them?" asked Puffer Fish.

"I... Just... Told... You... How..." said Chief, twitching slightly.

"Uh, Sirs? I know where they are coming from." said Michael. Suddenly, a clone exploded next to him and killed him with the poison.

"DAMN IT! That guy was our only way to know." said Puffer Fish.

"Are you sure? All these clones seem to have sticky notes on their



backs." Chief pointed out.

"Why, they do!" exclaimed Puffer Fish. He pulled one off of a nearby clone, because they were all over the room now.

"It says... ' This is for calling me short, you bastards! Signed-Edward Elric and his apprentice, Alphonse.' Who the hell are those guys?" asked the Admiral.

"Oh, they're the kid and the armor that came earlier." said Chief.

"Oh. Great. Those are those so-called 'alchemists', aren't they?" asked Puffer Fish.

"Yea, they are. So... Now what do we do?" asked Chief. But before Puffer Fish could say anything, something black smacked into Chief and knocked him down.

"What the hell was that?" asked Chief.

"I don't know. But it looked like an 'A' with an eye." said Puffer Fish.

"Great. Please don't tell me there are 26 of those flying around." said Chief.

"Well, I don't know, but-" before the admiral could continue, a black "B" with one eye slammed into him.

"I guess there are 26 after all." said Chief. He dodge-rolled out of the way as a "C" came flying through. Both Puffer Fish and Chief waited five minutes before getting off the floor.

"Hey, there are no more." realized Puffer Fish as he floated up off of the floor.

"Hey, what's that over there?" asked Chief, heading towards it. It was round, with a red top and a white bottom. It had a button in the middle.

"I wonder what this does..." said Chief. He pushed the button, and the ball opened. Nothing came out for 30 seconds. Chief breathed a sigh of relief- and got hit by a million letters rushing out of the ball. One stopped- an "M"- and hovered over Chief.

"Unown--Unown--" it started to say. It also began swaying.

"What the hell?" asked Chief, staring up at the "M" with one eye. A bunch of other letters joined it. They made a sphere around Chief.

"Unown--Unown--" they continued to say. They peacefully hovered in their peaceful little sphere. Chief got up and tried to get out. The letters became angry and began to attack.

"AH! What the hell?" asked Chief (again).

"What are those things?" asked Puffer Fish.

"I think they're 'unknowns'. That's all they've been saying." said Cecil.

"Pompous jerks... Only saying their own name.." grumbled Puffer Fish.

"Someone, please. Get these things away from me." said Chief. He was twitching again.

"Lemme try." said Cecil. As he attempted to get close to the sphere, a few of the Unowns flew out and used their pointy little letter legs to poke Cecil in the eyes.

"AHH! I'M BLIND! WHY ARE ALL OF US CREWMEN BECOMING BLIND?" asked Cecil, screaming.

With this, the sphere of letters disappeared into nothing, perhaps to join the great beyond.

"Hey, why aren't I being surrounded by the letters?" asked Chief.

"I really don't know." replied Cecil, still blind. Suddenly, a flamango appeared.

"SQUAAAAAAAA!" it said.

\* \* \*

><p>A flamango is a bird that looks quite strange indeed. It was the result of crossbreeding of a mango and a flamingo. Don't ask how, it just happened. Anyways, it looks like an orange flamingo. That is, if flamingoes were neon and glowed at night. It feeds on many things, but it's favorite is cows. The flamango only comes out at night, or in deep space. It's residential territory call is simply a long, windy "SQUAAA!". Humans should take caution around flamangoes, as they have been known to spread hypoxia.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>"Wow. That's odd." said Chief, staring at the glowing bird.<p>

"I've heard that those things spread hypoxia." said Cecil. A nearby crewman nodded.

"WHAT THE HELL! Run away, everybody!" yelled another crewman named Joe. Everyone followed Joe's directions and ran into deep space. Unfortunately, they didn't know that flamangoes could survive in deep space. So, the crewmen who had run out without helmets died simultaneously from head explosions. Chief returned inside and sealed the airlock, trapping the flamango outside. It continued 'SQUAAA'ing at the top of its lungs. It floated off into Covenant airspace, where it was blown up with a plasma beam.

\* \* \*

><p>High Charity<p>

Covenant Holy City

5867th Age of Reclamation

\* \* \*

><p>"What was that?" asked 'Rosamee.<p>

"What, that thing we just blew up?" asked a rather unimportant Grunt that had no name.

"Yes. That. It made a 'squaa' sound." said 'Vadamee

"It must of been a heretic. The prophets' will has been done." said Mary, bowing his head.

"You always say that. What if it was another prophet?" asked 'Vadamee.

"We're just going to say that it wasn't." said Mary, looking in both directions to make sure one of the real Prophets weren't there.

"Anyways, what are we going to do about our... problem?" asked 'Rosamee.

"You mean the fact that we're a giant floating watermelon?" asked Mary.

"Yes. That problem. Those stupid heretics transformed our ship into a watermelon. Then they vomited on our flower gardens and bumped into everything because they couldn't see!" yelled 'Vadamee in an angry rage.

"Hey, at least we have a pogo stick!" yelled the same grunt.

"No, you grunts have a pogo stick. We're too tall." said 'Vadamee

"Damn our tallness!" yelled 'Rosamee.

"Indeed. If we were shorter... We could play the sacred game with much more skill." said 'Vadamee

"You mean DDR?" asked Soon-To-Be-Food, who had somehow gotten out of being lunch for Brutes.

"Yes. Dance Dance Revolution. And plus, we could fit into our tutus better." realized 'Rosamee.

"It's all but a dream. Anyways, what was that thing?" asked Mary.

"You asked that five minutes ago. I had the same answer for you now as I did then. And, when you ask me five minutes from now, I will have the same answer." said 'Vadamee

"So... What did you say?" asked that nameless grunt, who really is getting a lot of attention in this segment.

"I SAID THAT I DID NOT KNOW!" yelled 'Vadamee.

"ANYWAYS, how do we fix this?" asked Mary.

"We don't. We shall forever remain a watermelon." said 'Vadamee.

\* \* \*

><p>CAIRO STATION ORBITAL DEFENSE PLATFORM<p>

\* \* \*

><p>"I wonder if flamangoes taste good..." said Car Dinal, a marine.<p>

"I thought they spread Hypoxia." said Wud Peker, another marine.

"And I've heard if you eat them, your intestines will explode and you will die of horrible internal bleeding." said Car Dinal.

"MARINES! Stop slacking off!" yelled Johnson, who appeared in the room.

"Yes sir, we were just talking about... Flamangoes." said Wud Peker. Just as Johnson was about to reply, something about the value of foresight, he turned into a snail. The marines giggled like schoolgirls at this.

"Sir, do we still have to obey you if you're a snail?" asked Wud Peker.

"Like I said, you guys are slacking off and being lazy!" shouted Johnson (a snail).

"Whatever you say, Sergeant Snail (giggle)" said Car Dinal.

"THAT'S IT! I'M SENDING YOU ALL TO PHYSICAL FITNESS CAMP!" yelled Johnson (insert background lightning here). All of the marines gasped in horror.

"Not physical fitness camp!" yelled a marine.

"I've heard that they make you eat squid-turtles!" yelled a childish marine.

"Oh yea? I've heard that they hang you by your toes if you don't run enough laps!"

"Well, I've heard that they put ketchup in your hair at night!"

"I've heard that and that they play Britney Spears on the loudspeakers when you don't swim fast enough!"

All of the marines fainted at the mention of Britney Spears. Even the marine who said it fell to the floor, and started foaming at the mouth.

"Yes, yes, all of that and more! But you're still going. I already signed you up!" Johnson yelled. Even the most hardened war heroes screamed like little children.

WILL THE CAMP BE AS HORRIBLE AS THE MARINES SAID? WILL WE EVER FIND OUT WHY JOHNSON TURNED INTO A SNAIL? DO WE CARE WHY? WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT THE CAMP? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT...

TALES...

OF...

INTEREST!

\* \* \*

><p>Yes, another chapter closes. Oh, and by the way, in chapter 5, there will be bonus material. But that's only for our most valuable readers. Just kidding. We have no way to tell if you're a 'valued reader' or not.<p>

#### 4. Denouement!

Disclaimer: We do not own Halo. We just poke fun at it. Because poking things is fun.

We're BACK! FEAR US! That's right, we've returned to the land of fanfiction. This is the final chapter, because we're too lazy to write anymore.. Plus, we're out of ideas. And, we have other projects. So, yeah, be afraid... AGAIN. Actually, if we were you guys, we'd probably be afraid for the rest of our lives, because ya never know when we might come out of the shadows and post something. Check our profiles for more info. NOTE: For Machinamar, check the profile of "alcyone aden"

\* \* \*

><p>A flash occured, and the entire cast of this ridiculous bucket of fun and terrible plot lines was standing in New Mombasa. All was quiet, all was calm.<p>

But not for long.

The ground began to shake. The various members of the cast stepped aside as a crack tore through the crust of the Earth, and from within the ever-widening crevasse came...

A gigantic salt shaker. It began to knock down any buildings it could.

"I had no idea that salt shakers could actually terrorize a city." said Stahrfeesh.

"WE NEED SUPER SERGEANT JOHNSON SNAIL MAN! BECAUSE HE DOESN'T NEED DOORS!" yelled Officer Ben Squid.

All of the Marines cheered in agreement. A few minutes later, one of the marines said,

"Hey, where is SSJSM?"

"I don't know. Is there some cool awesome call we have to use?" asked

another.

And, just as they said this, a gigantic snail appeared... It was Super Sergeant Johnson Snail Man.

Just as Super Sergeant Johnson Snail Man appeared, the salt shaker launched its first attack. It pulled out a giant boom box, and started playing the worst song of all time- "Shake it Like a Salt Shaker". Many Marines died as the shaker of salt unleashed a dance of carnage- that consisted of shaking. Horrible shaking. Shaking that would make even hardened war heroes cry like children. And they did. Or they died.

"See that? The ellipses make him mysterious..." said SSJSM. Suddenly, many ellipses covered the salt shaker. It roared and set a bunch of bananas on fire.

"THOSE POOR BANANAS!" yelled a marine, who is from here known as Maybelle.

"Shut up, Maybelle. You know we all hate you." chorused a few marines.

"We need the super happy rainbow attack!" yelled Maybelle, holding up a mysteriously- acquired scepter.

"Uh, where'd he get that?" asked a Marine, diving behind a small, fluffy kitten.

"It's from the power of the MOON!" yelled Maybelle.

"Okay, now that's just-". But before the marine could continue, the fluffy, little kitten ate his head.

"Oh no! It's the evil kitten of doom!" shouted Maybelle. Instead of actually firing a beam at the kitten, he simply went over and started beating it with the scepter.

"Wow. Now this is just sad." observed an Elite, standing nearby. The salt shaker nodded in agreement and somehow asked the Elite out for coffee. One of them agreed to something, anyways, because they both headed for the local Starbucks, which, like every other Starbucks, happened to be two feet away. Maybelle, noticing his opponent and his other enemy were going out for coffee without him, yelled,

"WAIT! Let me come too!"

The Elite looked to the salt shaker, who promptly refused. With its word, the Elite took out a box, set it on the floor near Maybelle, and walked off.

Maybelle, having letting his curiosity get the best of him, opened the box and was greeted with a rainbow... And poison. He dropped to the floor, twitching. The other marines shook their heads, and one even cried. That marine was called a baby and was thrown off a cliff.

"Good riddance. I hated both of them!" yelled a marine who was referred to as Sir Puffykins (SP, if you want the official abbreviation) , on account that his head is a ball of cotton candy.

Suddenly, from behind SP came... A ZOMBIE! But it wasn't just any zombie, it was a zombie...who was XTREME TO THE MAX! That's right, this zombie was wearing all leather and chains, and had a mohawk hairdo.

"Oh GOD! It's a poser zombie! What is it doing here?" asked SP, looking towards the rest of the platoon. It was then that he noticed the ADD patient, RobertJoseph, had obtained two large flashlights, and was waving them around like a lunatic.

"ROBERTJOSEPH! WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THOSE STUPID FLASHLIGHTS?" he yelled.

"I'm SORRY! They're so shiny and pretty and shiny and... Ooooh! Shiny!" yelled RobertJoseph, his short attention falling right back onto the flashlights.

"Damn rule that says that ADD people are allowed in the UNSC." mumbled SP, looking towards RobertJoseph, who had now dropped the shiny flashlights after seeing a glowing butterfly. ...Wait... Glowing? Yes, sure enough the butterfly was emitting a greenish-bluish-purplish-grayish light. It almost was like a really bad bruise that at the same time was oddly beautiful. SP was captivated by the way it flapped its bruise-colored wings. Until the butterfly transformed into a giant insect that was about the size of a five story building. This was an approximation, as the only being to survive this attack was Blinky, the one eyed Elite. And, of course, he could only see with one eye. And that eye was nearsighted AND farsighted AND had cataracts all at the same time. Poor Blinky had always led a hard life, and only because he made the stupid decision to watch Ashlee Simpson in concert. He ended up tearing out his left eye, leaving the right to suffer without its designated partner. And let's not even talk about poor Blinky's hearing. I'll just say one sentence fragment: Ear hemorrhaging from bad singing.

After said butterfly attack, all that was left was Blinky and a Bakery... A BAKERY OF DOOOOOM. No one truly knew what went on inside the hallowed halls of... FRIENDLY FRIENDS BAKERY AND CO. However, since Blinky couldn't see the "KEEP OUT" sign posted on the doors, he walked right in.

About five seconds after Blinky entered the BAKERY, he ran into a single filament, a string strung across the walls. He continued through the hallway, finding more and more of these little strings blocking his path, stretching from wall to wall. He hit a few, and didn't think much of it. He tried to imagine who would create such a contraption. Perhaps the Jackals? They seemed to like string. Or maybe the Grunts, after one of their "post-carnival" parties. Or after a sugar high. They seemed to have a lot of those. Unfortunately, Blinky's contemplation was cut short when he hit a string that pulled a light down onto his head. His last thoughts would be recorded as "Inertia in ACTION!". After Blinky's flailing subsided, a soft yet triumphant snicker echoed in the halls. Out of the shadows stepped the originator of these strings, the creator of this insane maze, the mastermind behind this dastardly trap... the Master Chief himself. A look of complacency flashed through his eyes as he stared down at the corpse of the trespasser. Seemingly from nowhere, 117 grabbed a donut and ate it. He began to walk away, but stopped, as if he had remembered something very important. Turning on

his heel, he swiftly approached the corpse. He gave a small laugh and uttered, "Elite? THIS IS MY SUGAR!", kicking the body down a random endless hole. Yes, in the middle of a bakery. I don't care that it doesn't make sense for there be a hole, the hole just...Is. Will you deny its right to exist? Well? WILL YOU? ANSWER ME BETCH! Whoops, sorry bout that. Anyway, Chief then walked back into the shadows, where he would live in seclusion with his sugar. Forever. Oh yeah, and by the way... Cortana's dead. She died in a fiery car accident. There were no survivors.

\* \* \*

><p>WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CHARACTERS, YOU ASK?<p>

The Chief lived in solitude with his baked goods. I already said that, but you people probably weren't paying attention anyways.

Super Sergeant Johnson Snail Man was entered into Earth's Next Top Model (7), where he took first place. He is now modeling a line of shirts with slogans such as "I hate Salt" and "Snails are Awesome".

The giant salt shaker was dissolved in a very large rainstorm. It turned into a very salty lake that would become the bane of all snails and slugs everywhere.

All of those marines that spent some time in New Mombasa had a promising future, but met an unprecedented end in a random, large, endless hole.

\* \* \*

><p>THE END. THE FINAL END. THE END OF HUMANITY. THE END OF SANITY. THE END OF TALES OF INTEREST!<p>

Oh yeah, and all those holes? They were created by the Unowns.

End  
file.